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has already tried the republican experiment, and disastrously, although under the lead of the ablest Spaniard of the present century. Yet it would be rash to conclude that, as a result of that failure, the ideas of republican democracy are extinct or even lifeless in Spain. Castelar still lives, and still is a Republican; and in that faith he is in harmony, undoubtedly, with many of the most intelligent and public-spirited of his fellow-countrymen. The fact that, when the Brazilian revolution was announced, a momentary tremor passed through European capitals, lest Portugal should follow her former dependency's example, raises the suspicion that democratic ideas are afloat even in Portugal, despite the mildness of the reign of Dom Luis. In both Belgium and Holland signs have not been wanting of the growth within the past few years of a sentiment which may fairly be described as democratic.

It is not, of course, intended to argue that the thrones of Europe are in imminent danger of overthrow. The process of the democratizing of the civilized world is a slow one, proceeding against many and most formidable obstacles. Unanticipated events may at any time prove fatal to monarchy in almost any European nation. Disaster in war, or the passing from the stage of politics of some group of veteran statesmen, some sudden revolution, might be among such events. But it is only intended here to show how, here and there, the trend of national destinies is, at a more or less rapid rate, towards democratic self government, and away from kingship; and this in spite of some reactionary incidents which retard and, in some instances, seem to reverse the movement.

GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

III.

MISQUOTATION AGAIN.

I SHOULD like to add a word of cordial approval to what Dr. William Mathews had to say in the January number of THE REVIEW on the subject of "Quotation and Misquotation." It is not only true, as he points out, that many familiar passages are frequently quoted incorrectly; it is likewise true that very few writers think it worth while to take the trouble of verifying their quotations, and that the truly conscientious editor is thus put to infinite pains in order to make sure that he is printing correctly what one writer says another writer has said. Verifying one's quotations ought to be a matter of conscience and morality. It is not enough to say that you give the meaning of the author you profess to quote; you are in honor bound to give his words precisely as he wrote them, *verbatim et literatim et punctuatim*.

It is to be hoped that few writers have possessed such a lax literary conscience in this matter as the late Walter Bagehot. The editor of the new edition of his works found Bagehot's writings filled with slips and mistakes of every kind, which "cover almost the entire possible range of human blunders, and are sometimes of serious moment." The errors of grammar alone show the need of careful editing even in the case of a writer of established fame. "But"—I quote from *The Critic*—"the worst case is that of the false and mangled quotations; and in respect to these it is impossible to acquit Bagehot of gross negligence. Correct quotation is a matter of duty and not of literary taste; and Bagehot's quotations, as the editor clearly shows, are oftener [*sic*] incorrect, and, what is worse, he gives some passages as quotations which are not so at all. Thus, in the essay on 'The First Edinburgh Reviewers,' he professes to quote three sentences from Sidney Smith, sneering at Malthus and Ricardo, on which the editor remarks: 'There is no such passage in his [Smith's] writings, and his references to Malthus are not only respectful but almost reverential.' Several other such cases are noted." This offence of manufacturing quotations in order to enforce one's point is, I am glad to believe, very rare; and it is almost incredible that any one should ever resort to it.

But unfortunately I am compelled to believe that verification of quotations by those who use them is very rare also. It is a lost art, or, more probably, it is one that has never been acquired. I once had occasion to verify an elaborate extract from Buckle which a well-known writer employed in a magazine article. The extract covered about a page and a half in the "History of Civilization," and it

scarcely seems possible that even one exceptionally familiar with it would undertake to write down so long a passage from memory. In that page and a half, however, I discovered no less than seventeen errors—some words omitted, some inserted, and some substituted for those which stood in the original. How could this occur? I confess that I cannot understand it at all. I cannot think that a writer would make so extended a quotation from memory alone, and if he had Buckle lying open before him when he copied out the extract, how is it possible that he failed to copy him accurately?

I open this morning's paper and find a minister of repute writing a letter in which he quotes Emerson as saying :

"For Nature ever faithful is
To them that trust her faithfulness."

Emerson is doubtless very familiar to him, but if he had taken down the volume of poems, instead of trusting to his memory, he would have found that Emerson wrote:

"To such as trust her faithfulness."

Tennyson, in his fine poem, "In the Children's Hospital," wrote :

"Wonderful cures he had done, O yes, but they said too of him
He was happier using the knife than in trying to save the limb."

Not long ago I saw a portion of this quoted in this fashion :

"For it was said of him
. . . He was fonder of using the knife than he was of saving the limb."

Evidently the quoter in this case trusted his memory, and so came to grief. But had he any right to do this in matter intended for publication? I think there cannot be two answers to the question.

I had the pleasure of listening the other day to a most interesting account, written in a letter by herself, of Dr. Amelia B. Edwards's methods of literary work. One passage in it particularly impressed me. It was that in which she spoke of the extreme care she exercised in making quotations, never writing down even the most familiar passage without going to the original in order to insure accuracy, and following the punctuation of the original writer with the utmost care. It would be well if her words on this head could be inscribed in letters of gold above the desk of every literary worker throughout the world. If the rule, *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, prevailed in literature, many a fine piece of work would be vitiated by an incorrect quotation.

I would not be understood as meaning that adaptations are never admissible. Sometimes the substitution of one word for another in a quotation will bring out your meaning precisely; but in doing this you must not break faith with your reader; you are bound to indicate to him, either by the use of italics or by a plain statement of the fact, that you have modified that which you have quoted. Then, again, a good effect may, perhaps, be obtained by throwing the present tense into the past or the past into the present. For example, take Emerson's familiar lines from "The Problem" :

"And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

Throwing this into the present tense, we should have:

"And Nature gladly *gives* them place,
Adopts them *now* into her race,
And *grants* to them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat."

That does not a particle of violence to Emerson's meaning, but still it is taking a liberty with his words; and that, I think, no one has a right to do without raising a cautionary signal for the benefit of the reader.

"There," said my friend, with a triumphant air, pointing to the introduction of the chapter on Mount Washington in Starr King's "White Hills," "—there is what Emerson says about Mount Washington."

I had read Emerson's poems with considerable care, and in a former conversation had expressed my conviction that he had written nothing relating to the most famous of the White Mountains. But it looked as if I were at fault, for on the page held open before me I read:

"Every morn I lift my head,
Gaze o'er New England underspread,
South from Saint Lawrence to the Sound,
From Catskill east to the seabound";

and so on for a page, with Emerson's name at the bottom. Silenced, but not fully convinced, I took an early opportunity to consult Emerson in the original, and found that what Mr. King represented as having been written in reference to Mount Washington belongs to Emerson's noble poem, "Monadnock." The second line, however, should read

"See New England underspread,"

and "Catskill" is spelled with a "K." But would not any reader of "The White Hills" be justified—as my friend was—in the belief that the lines were written as if uttered by Mount Washington and not by Monadnock? Is there either right or reason in an author's playing fast and loose with his readers in such a fashion? An offence like this is less easily condoned than Starr King's mistake, in this same book, of making the Connecticut River empty into the Sound at New Haven.

Considerable experience in handling manuscripts and inquiry among others engaged in such work have sufficed to form a very firm conviction that carelessness in quoting is one of the besetting sins of literary workers. The authors who can trust their memories implicitly in this respect are very few indeed, if there are any such. The only safe rule is to verify every quotation by a personal examination of the original. This takes some time, but it makes accuracy certain; and if the practice should become universal, it would materially lighten the labors of overworked and often patience-tried editors. May the time speedily come when along with the legend "All Rights Reserved" at the portals of our books there shall be inscribed, "All Quotations Verified by the Author"!

ARCHIE EMERSON PALMER.

IV.

IS SUICIDE A SIN?

SIN is the transgression of a divine law; but there is no divine law against suicide: therefore suicide is not a sin.

The Mosaic records and the New Testament exhibit eight instances of suicide, viz., Abimelech, Judges, ix., 50-55; Samson, Judges, xvi., 23-31; Saul and his armor-bearer, I. Samuel, xxxi., 3-6; Ahithophel, II. Samuel, xvii., 23; Zimri, I. Kings, xvi., 18; Razis, II. Maccabees, xiv., 37; Judas Iscariot, Matthew, xxvii., 3.

Strabo, who lived in the first half-century before our Lord, tells us that in the island of Ioulis, one of the Cyclades, persons sixty years of age were permitted to commit suicide, as they could no longer enjoy life, and were unfit to serve the republic. They terminated life at a festival. They girded their brows with a floral chaplet, and, taking a cup of the juice of hemlock or of poppies, sank insensibly into fatal sleep.

Aristotle tells us that an Athenian suicide was adjudged culpable for having deprived the republic of a citizen, and, as a stigma, his hand was separately buried.

Socrates said that it was not lawful for any one to deprive himself of life, because we were placed on earth as soldiers at a post, and we ought not to quit our station without permission of the gods. Suicide was rare in Greece, for public opinion reproached the perpetrator with moral cowardice. But Plutarch praises Demosthenes for his success in concealing the poison by which he rescued himself from the cruelty of Antipater. The annals of Rome are bloody with self-slaughter. It was esteemed an evidence of manly fortitude, sanctioned by the maxims of the